

IN THE PHILIPPINES

Story of a Tragedy in the Depths of the Bamboo Thickets of the Tropics.

By FRANK H. MELOON.

Major Tracey's opinions of the Treaty of Paris, which gave the Philippines and their ten million brown heathens over to the civilized influences of American arms, would hardly have borne repeating in the presence of his superior officers of the war department at Washington, D. C., as he mused in front of his untempting quarters in the enervating afternoon heat of the little island village of Majon.

"Lieutenant, captain, major, colonel, general," the major kept repeating. Well, he mused, he had reached the halfway mark of the five grades at a very decent season of life, the other two being more often attained by age than by merit.

In Manila the major's battalion had found life endurable. There were means of entertainment, if one could call it by that name. In the Philippines anything that diverts one's attention from the humdrum round of daily existence is termed entertainment; but after a sufficient time has elapsed, everything falls to turn the mind from its wearying contemplation of the eternal sameness. Then it is that a man goes out into the bush and musters himself out of service. The official records are generally kind enough to lay it to the natives.

The major looked past a clump of bamboos and saw Captain Manson lounging lazily on the ground, which was baking around him like the clay moulds in a brick kiln. Captain Manson looked intolerably old and ugly. He was smoking a misshapen Filipino cigar. He had been in the Philippines seven years. He had come as a second lieutenant, appointed from civil life, with one of the first companies to cross the Pacific in a leaky transport after Dewey's memorable May celebration in Manila Bay. After all, reflected Major Tracey, fortune had been more kind to him than to Captain Manson. Had not Dr. Carey while-



The Doctor Fell.

pered only the day before that the captain's chances of living another twelvemonth were slim? The captain knew it, too. A weak heart liable to be aggravated by excitement is not a nice thing to have inside one's ribs in a country where one is liable to be popped at from the scrappy bush at any moment, like a jackrabbit.

"I've nothing to go home for. If I had had, I would have gone long ago. If I've got to die soon, I'd as lief it would be here as anywhere," Captain Manson had said.

Dr. Carey had told the story to the major with an unfeeling brutality that had jarred upon his nerves, rendered tense and irritable by the infernal heat of the sun.

Assuredly, thought the major, he did not like this Dr. Carey, who had come from no one knew where. Dr. Carey never volunteered any information about his past life. His appointment to the army, it was known, had been due to civil service and a private pull in congress. Dr. Carey was undeniably handsome. He had an air of refinement which the major admitted to himself jealously, no one else in the battalion could acquire. Dr. Carey had cut a wide swath among the belles of Manila, and his evident chagrin at having to depart therefrom had been the one consolation the other officers of the mess had found for coming to Majon.

And now Major Tracey's thoughts went back to the day from which he had ever since computed time—the day he had met Rita, who later had become his wife. Rita was a slender, city-bred girl of the east with a face exquisitely feminine in the Puritan delicacy of its outlines and expression. Her father was the descendant of a family which had acquired the foundation of its permanent fortunes by receiving and vending the wares of smugglers in Colonial days. He had married a favorite cousin.

His thoughts of Rita alone in Manila took effect that evening, when he broached the subject uppermost in his mind to Captain Manson and Dr. Carey, telling them of his intention to write the next day for his wife to come out into the hill country and join the battalion.

"She'll break up this deadly ennui that's come over us all," he concluded.

"Aren't you afraid to have her come out here?" objected Captain Manson. "The little brown devils are most dangerous when things appear most quiet on the surface."

"I guess they'll leave us alone until the rainy season," replied Major Tracey easily. "We're in such force that I don't apprehend any trouble before then, but I'll have her return to Manila before that sets in, even if we aren't ordered back there ourselves by that time."

Dr. Carey continued smoking, watching the brilliant constellations set in the sparkling heights of the tropical heavens. He said nothing. When Major Tracey sent the letter to his wife in Manila next day, Dr. Carey, at the last minute, asked permission to send a letter himself. The guard who set out with the message could not fail to note that the major's and the doctor's went to the same woman.

Things went well for the first fortnight after the "little woman," as the major called her affectionately, arrived in Majon. There was something very enjoyable in riding through the quaint growths of the Orient every morning with one of the officers as a companion and with an armed escort close at hand in case there happened to be danger lurking in the depths of the bamboo thickets. There was the convent, too, where the native women did drawn work in pino cloth and wove the shifting colors of the sunshine into silks of exquisite beauty on hand-made looms. The noonday siesta was usually followed by a visit to the market place, where the native children played, and where the most ferocious devils, in the guise of most humble and obsequious natives, came to buy and sell. And not least was the soldiers' hospital to which she sent the chino coolies with fruit and coconuts.

But there came a day when all these things ceased to interest. A desperate flirtation with Dr. Carey, begun in Manila under stress of the same boredom of things in general, was, unknown to the major, renewed; the letter had referred to the possibility. For a time the major remained in blissful ignorance, but the hour for enlightening came at last. Awakening from his siesta earlier than usual, he walked into his little house and looked out through the small, square shells that did duty as window panes on the farther end; he was just in time to see Dr. Carey take leave of his wife in the manner peculiar to relatives, lovers and husbands.

The next day the little brown men came down from the hills of the north. The major left his wife to return to Manila with Captain Manson and a heavy escort. He did not bid her good by. As soon as she had gone, he ordered an advance of two companies. Dr. Carey accompanied the one under his command.

The two rode out to make a reconnaissance beyond the rice paddies to a point where a rise of land had them from the view of the company. They were no sooner out of sight, than the major addressed his companion grimly.

"There's no use arguing, doctor, and I presume you won't care to when you know I've learned at last what has for some time past been common talk with the battalion. You're man enough to understand me, I take it."

Major Tracey drew his revolver as he concluded.

"Yes?" interrogated the doctor. "Go ahead."

"Shall it be ten or twenty paces?" "To oblige you, I'll say fifteen," responded the doctor, smiling as if in a box at the theater.

The two men stood back to back and began to walk forward. The major counted the paces aloud.

"We will turn and fire at the fifteenth," he said.

At the thirteenth, Dr. Carey wheeled about quickly, raising his Remington to fire at the back of the unsuspecting man. At the same instant there was a puff of smoke from the bamboo thicket, followed by another and another. The doctor fell.

For a moment, regardless of the soft patter of bullets all about him, the major stood above the fallen form of Dr. Carey. "It has saved me the trouble," he mused. Then he leaped quickly to the shelter of a rice dike until a detail of skirmishers came at double quick around the hillock, causing the little brown men, leaving their dead and wounded behind time, to make off as quickly as they had come. (Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

At the Sanitarium. Attendant—These patients want to know what kind of baths to take. What shall I tell this man?

Director—What's his occupation?

Attendant—He's a speculator.

Director—Tell him to take a plunge.

Attendant—And this woman? She's a seamstress.

Director—Show her to the needle baths.

Memorial Performance. Boy—Please sir, I'll have to be out this afternoon.

Boys—That so? Gran'ma funeral—what?

Boy—Yes, sir. Then we're going to the circus as a mark of respect. Gran'ma just loved a circus!—Judge.

The Resemblance. "Those forced hothouse flowers remind me of a poverty-stricken man."

"How so?" "Because they are apt to be scentless."

Old Saw Broken. "There's always room at the top," said the Sphinx.

"Take a look at us and guess again," replied the Pyramids.

NIAGARA IS GRAND

Nothing Can Mar Grandeur of This Natural Wonder.

Regardless of Hotels and Refreshment Rooms the Falls Retain Their Wonderful Impassiveness and Charm to the Beholder.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Niagara has been described a thousand times. Dickens did it in masterly fashion. "The first effect," he says, in the course of an eloquent passage, "and the enduring one—instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle was peace." Other writers, visiting this celebrated pilgrimage-place at later dates, when hotels and refreshment rooms had already begun to batten upon its fame, have brought away recollections far from peaceful. The falls, they declare, are spoiled, defiled, not only by the catering for trippers and honeymooners, but by the electric power houses and factories which have grown up around the gorge. Whether these severely utilitarian, but none the less interesting, erections are a defilement or not is debatable; one thing is certain, Niagara can never be "spoiled." It is one of the two supremely majestic natural wonders of the world, one of the few show sights which must always justify their reputation. Perch a cheap eating-house on the very brink of the falls, and the falls would remain magnificent. Probably the eating-house, veiled in drifting spray, overhung by frail rainbows and shaken by the thunder of the cataract, would have its banality turned into some strange effect of subtle loveliness. Even if its ugliness were unassailable, it could not, by its presence, make the falls ugly.

A short distance below the falls an iron bridge leaps the gulf from America to Canada. For myself, I happen to think the bridge an object exhibiting real beauty, in its curve and in its pattern; but apart from such personal prejudices, no one can deny that the falls, wearing a tremendous gauze of vapor athwart the rigid splendor of web of metal, do indeed beautify it and throw round its arch a glamour



View of Niagara Falls.

which it would otherwise lack. Even the much-abused power houses down the gorge are not unpicturesque in certain lights. They rise against the sky on the cliff summit like fantastic modern renderings of mediaeval fortresses of barons' burgs on the Rhine; capitalistic robbers' castles, as maybe some indignant critic would name them, enthroned to plunder both nature and man.

Nobody, I conceive, can screw up much admiration for the trippers and parasitic portion of the town of Niagara Falls itself. The odor of its too blatantly hospitable restaurants, greeting the newcomer on his emergence from the railway station exit, the rag-time of its gramophones and other musical entertainments, are abominable; but these offenses are kept at a proper distance by the park reservation which surrounds the actual waterfall. One the platform which overhangs the American fall one can be alone; and, indeed, I imagined that the most sociable soul would here desire solitude. For, without wishing to indulge in any false rhetoric, one cannot but describe this spot, with all due reverence, as a place of worship.

The view which the eye encounters is overwhelmingly impressive, and the roar which beats upon the ear contributes superbly to that impressiveness. Outspread before the spectator is the sumptuous panorama of crushing liquid, flinging itself in a kind of agony of struggle to the brink, and then—by contrast, almost serenely—stinking sheet, upon sheet, down the drop into the cauldron whose depths are concealed by veering, billowing steam.

Wants Wedding Presents Returned. Blairstown, N. J.—The will of Mrs. W. E. Burt filed here requests that all the presents received by her at her marriage be returned to the donors.

WHEN CHINA WAS RECOGNIZED BY UNCLE SAM



When President Wilson's letter recognizing the Republic of China was read to President Yuan Shih Kai this photograph was taken in front of the palace in Peking formerly occupied by the empress of China. The group includes President Yuan in the center, members of his cabinet and staff, E. T. Williams, American charge d'affaires and members of the legation staff.

ETON SPORT BRUTAL

Cruelty in Weekly Run of Hounds and Horses.

Canon Defends the Practice, Declaring That He Thinks It Good and Keeps Crusading Spirit From Undesirable Activities.

London.—Almost under the walls of Eton college a scene was enacted recently, which, for sheer brutality, it would be hard to beat. A hard pressed hare which the boys of the college had been hunting with a pack of hounds (for beagles), maintained at the college for this purpose, twice swam the river with the pack close behind and a half hundred boys yelling like fiends on the banks, and was in the act of swimming it a third time when it was pulled under and killed amid the enthusiastic cheers of the young Etonians who, of course, are mostly the sons of noblemen and other aristocrats, and form the nucleus of the ruling class of the future in this country.

This termination of the regular weekly run of the Eton beagles was a little more brutal than usual, but not much more. The Eton beagles, which are supported by subscriptions, nearly always succeeded in killing, as the phrase goes, when the carcass of the slaughtered hare is whirled triumphantly round the head of the chief boy whip and torn to pieces by the yelling pack, amid whoops of triumph from a gloating field. A similar triumph of the Eton beagles, it may be remembered, was recalled by that noble sportsman, Lord Rosemore, in his recent book of reminiscences in these words:

"One of the prettiest things I ever saw was a hare, very hard pressed, that took to the water and swam right out into the middle with all the hounds after her, but she was, unfortunately, so beat that she was drowned from sheer exhaustion halfway across."

The latest exhibition of brutality at Eton has shocked humanitarians, and an influentially signed petition was presented the other day to Canon Lyttelton, the reverend head master of Eton college, begging him to do away with the pastime of hare hunting at Eton, on the ground that its effect is "to stimulate cruelty among the young." This, by the way, is by no means the first petition of the kind that has been laid before a head of the famous college with a similar object, others in the past having been signed by Herbert Spencer, Sir Frederick Treves, Sir A. Conan Doyle, the late Lord Wolsey and other famous men, but all without avail.

After due reflection Canon Lyttelton, who himself is the son of a lord, has replied to the petition in a letter in which he declines to do away with the beagles, and an exceedingly remarkable letter it is. To begin with, this man of God, who, before becoming head master of Eton, was the honorable canon of St. Albans, and who is the author, among other books, of one called "Studies in the Sermon of the Mount," asserts that far from there being an increase of cruelty among English boys, "many educators are not without misgivings at the almost unnatural gentleness of the modern schoolboy compared with his forefather."

"How insignificant, then," says the canon, "must the influence of this kind of hunting be in the opposite direction."

The reverend canon ends his letter by declaring that, "as far as possible, all cruelty has been banished" from the hunting and killing of hares by the Eton boys. Needless to say, his shuffling apology, as it is termed, has called forth a broadside of withering sarcasm. One of those who pay their compliments in the canon is no uncertain terms is Sir Philip Burne Jones, while among the reverend headmaster's critics are several old Etonians, one of whom, after recalling Lord Rosemore's "pretty sight," remarks: "That's my idea of how the youth of the nation should be brought up."

and that's why I am in hearty sympathy with Canon Lyttelton's reasoning. Let him go on as he is going, then he will run no risk of offending Lord Bung, or Sir Gorgias Midas, or other influential people who have their sons at Eton. I was nearly seven years there myself, and was never troubled by any stupid humanitarian teaching."

ROOSEVELT TO REDUCE FAT

Strenuous Colonel Will Ride Horseback and Hunt Last Indians in Arizona.

New York.—Ease and an office chair and too much sugar on his cereal have done the trick for Colonel Roosevelt. He's getting fat—again. There's only one course possible to the vigorous colonel when this bulbous condition of the equator develops. He at once determines to get out where he can ride a horse and holler and work that superfluity down to a hollow. So that this summer, according to the gossip that has fizzed up from Oyster Bay, he will go out to Arizona and hunt for a lost tribe of Indians. Incidentally, he will re-discover the last hole in his belt.

"Lost Indians in Arizona?" said Doctor Goddard of the department of anthropology of the Museum of Natural History. "Not precisely. But it is true that there are some out there that have never been found."

It appears that there are Indians scattered all over Arizona—the Wallapais and the Hopis and the Pinas and



Theodore Roosevelt.

the Papagoes and the Apaches, and chief of them all the Navajoes. A good many of them earn an honest living by giving an aboriginally modified Bill show for the benefit of summer tourists. Others keep sheep and scream every time one touches schedule K. Still others peddle Massachusetts blankets in bright colors to persons from Boston. And others live out in the mountains, far from the maddening white man, just about as their ancestors did about the time that Cortez discovered the toehold as a means of getting rich quickly.

"The wildest lot," said Doctor Goddard, "are the Navajoes. They are perfectly peaceful, but we have had no report on the tribes in the western part of Arizona. There are men twenty-five years old who have never seen a white man. No doubt a visit to them would be entertaining and instructive."

It will be if the colonel is the visitor.

Lightning Kills Brakeman. Landers, N. Y.—While standing on top of a moving freight car, C. R. McCauley, a brakeman, was struck by a bolt of lightning and killed, thus putting to flight the old theory that lightning will not strike a moving railroad train.

MUST SWIM FOR DIPLOMA

Columbia University Student Passes Other Tests, but Sinks at Swimming Pool.

New York.—Columbia university has taken a new stand in the matter of graduation requirements. The authorities declined to award a diploma to Felix Metzger Rosenstock at the commencement exercises unless he could prove himself cured of carnoscerinusabmetu.

In other words, there is a rule at Columbia that no college degree can be won unless the candidate has learned to swim the length of the pool in the gymnasium. The only exception is allowed in case of physical disability, attested by a physician's certificate.

Rosenstock, who passed all the other examinations, completely balked at swimming throughout his college course, and as an excuse declared he was suffering from a terrible skin disease known as the carnoscerinusabmetu. He obtained a physician's signature to this statement.

The physical director could find no visible trace of such a malady, but from a Latin lexicon he evolved this explanation of the student's affliction: "Caro, meaning flesh; ascerinus, resembling the goose; abmetu from fear, or, freely translated gooseflesh from fear."

The authorities, however, did not have sufficient sense of humor to cause them to extend leniency to Rosenstock.

CAT NO MATCH FOR HIPPO

Caliph II. Routs Louise Injoriously When He Plunges Into Big Water Tank.

New York.—George Sichert, a keeper in the Central park menagerie, was aroused by a wild scrambling in the cage of the hippopotamus. When he turned he saw the favorite mouser of the menagerie, a cat named Louise, perched on the back of the park's big-hippo. The cat had been seized by the tail and thrown into the quarters occupied by Caliph II. by a mischievous small boy.

Caliph was soon imitating a bucking broncho, but to no avail. Louise had secured a firm hold with all her claws. The grunts of Caliph II. started all the lions roaring. Sichert edged into the cage to remove the cat, but not quite soon enough. Caliph floundered into the tank, and Louise let go.

Sichert lifted the dripping cat out of the tank with a broom. It was only a few days ago that Louise went to sleep in the hay and barely escaped being eaten alive by the hippo.

WILLIAM TELL IS OUTDONE

Insane Voyager Tries to Shoot Cigarette Out of Mouth of Jamaican Negro.

New York.—When the steamer Oruba was nearing Cartagena, Colombia, John George Cunningham of Southampton, a first cabin passenger, forced a Jamaican negro to stand ten yards away while he attempted to shoot a cigarette out of his mouth. Cunningham fired six shots before the noise brought Chief Officer Green to the scene.

Green tripped Cunningham up, but it took four sailors to lash his hands and feet and carry him to the hospital, where Dr. Morton declared the man was insane from alcohol. Cunningham was put ashore at Colon in a strait-jacket.

Performs Own Wedding Ceremony.

Beaver, Pa.—Dr. Askelon Mercer, seventy-five, and Sarah L. Calgrove, sixty-five, performed their own marriage ceremony in the presence of witnesses here. This is the groom's sixth matrimonial venture, and he declares that all former ceremonies were performed in the same manner.

Girl Without "Perfect Feet."

La Crosse, Wis.—"Perfect feet" is the standard of the class formed by Miss Amanda Clement of the Young Woman's Christian association here. Not one in the first class of seventy-five is without a pedal paw.